

1607/5547.
Sir William Stanley's

GARLAND;

CONTAINING

HIS TWENTY-ONE YEARS

TRAVELS

Through most parts of the World: and his
safe Return to Latham Hall.



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1607/5547

Sir William Stanley's Travels.

IN Lancashire their liv'd a Lord,
A worthy Lord and man of fame,
Whose dwelling was at Latham hall,
And the Earl of Derby call'd by name.
He had two sons of noble race,
Which brought their father great delight;
He brought them up in learning good,
Whereby their wisdom to requite.
The eldest was call'd my good Lord Strange,
Lord Ferdinando was his name;
The youngest was call'd Sir William Stanley,
A noble valiant minded man:
But as it happened one day,
Sir William fell upon his knee,
Desiring leave of his father dear,
Some foreign countries for to see.
O grant me leave, father, he said,
Some foreign countries for to see,
To learn the speech of other lands,
Whereby I may renowned be.
I'll grant thee leave, son Will, he said,
For three years space thou shalt be free,
And gold and silver thou'lt have enough,
For to maintain thee gallantly.
But before thou go'lt take here my ring,
Take care to keep it secretly,,
And if thou lackest any thing,
Be sure thou send'lt the same to me.
Then Sir William took leave of Latham hall,
And of all that in lovely Latham lay;
And then he prepar'd himself for the Seas,
To travel in some strange country:
But so soon as Sir William was a ship-board



He to himself did secretly say,
 I'll make a vow to the living Lord,
 That ~~three~~ seven years I'll make away ;
 Before to England I'll return,
 Or ever on English ground will tread,
 Twenty one years shall be past and gone,
 According to the vow I've made.
 Then first Sir William would travel to France,
 To learn the French tongue and to dance ;
 He tarried there not past three years,
 But he learnt their language and all their affairs
 And then Sir William would travel to Spain,
 Their to learn the Spanish tongue ;
 He tarried there not past half a year,
 But he thought he'd been in Spain too long.
 To Italy then Sir William would go,
 To Rome, and to high Germany ;
 To view the countries all arow,
 And see what pleasures in them might be.
 In Rome and in high Germany
 He staid three years before he went ;
 And then to Ægypt he took his way,
 To view that court was his intent ;
 But one year and an half Sir William staid,
 And took his leave most courteously
 Of the King of Morocco, and his nobles all ;
 Then went to the king of Barbary.
 Within the court of Barbary
 When two full years Sir William had been,
 Into Russia he needs must go,
 To visit the emperor and his Queen.
 One Doctor Dee he met with there,
 Which doctor was born at Manchester ;
 Who knew Sir William Stanley well,
 Though he'd not seen him for many a year.

Pray what's the cause, the Doctor said,
 Brings you, Sir William, into this country ?
 I come to travel, Sir William replied,
 And I pray thee Doctor, what brought thee ?
 I am come to do a cure, the Doctor said,
 Which was of the Emperor's Feet to be done,
 And I perform'd it effectually,
 Which none could do but an Englishman.
 Then he brought him before the Emperor,
 Who entertain'd him with princely cheer,
 And gave him gold and silver store,
 Desiring his company for seven years.
 But one three years Sir William would stay
 Within the Emperor's court so freely ;
 And then Sir William he would go
 To Bethlehem right speedily :
 Likewise to fair Jerusalem,
 Where our blessed Saviour CHRIST did die ;
 He asked them if it was so,
 They answered and told him aye :
 This is the tree the Jews then said,
 Whereon the Carpenter's Son did die ;
 That was my Saviour, Sir William said,
 For sure he died for the sins of me.
 But one half year Sir William would stay,
 He kiss'd the cross with weeping eyes ;
 And then he would into Turkey go,
 Where he endured more misery :
 For passing through Constantinople,
 Wherein the Great Turk he did lie,
 Sir William then was taken prisoner,
 And for his religion condemn'd to die.
 Before I'll forsake my living Lord,
 My blessed Saviour and sweet Lamb,
 Sweet Jesus Christ that died for me,

I'll die the worst death that e'er did man.
 Farewell father and farewell mother,
 And farewell all friends at Latham hall ;
 Little do they know I am a prisoner,
 Or how I'm subject unto to thrail.
 A Lady walking under the prison wall,
 Hearing Sir Willlam so sore lament,
 Unto the great Turk she did go,
 To beg his life was her intent.
 A boon a boon thou Emperor,
 For thou'rt a Lord of great command ;
 Grant me the life an Englishman,
 Therefore against me do not stand :
 For I will make him a husband of mine,
 Whereby Mahomet he may adore ;
 He'll carry me into his own country,
 And safely thither conduct me o'er.
 Take thou thy boon thou gay lady,
 For thou art one of a tender heart ;
 But let him yield to marry thee,
 Or else be hanged ere he depart.
 The lady's to the prison gone,
 Where that Sir William he did lie ;
 Be of good cheer thou Englishman,
 I think this day I've set thee free,
 If thou wilt yield to marry me,
 And take me for to be thy bride,
 To take me into thy own country,
 And safely thither to be my guide.
 I cannot marry Sir William said,
 To ne'er a lady in this country ;
 For if ever on English Ground I tread,
 I have a wife and children three.
 This excuse serv'd Sir William well,
 So the lady was sorry for what he did say,

And gave him five hundred pounds in gold,
 To carry him into his own country :
 But one half year Sir William would stay,
 After from prison he was set free ;
 And then he would to Greenland go,
 Where he endur'd more misery.
 For three months there was nothing but dark,
 And there Sir William was forc'd to want ;
 Hed fed there on nothing but roots,
 And they to him grew wond'rous scarce :
 His shoes were frozen to his feet,
 He scarcetly knew where to tread ;
 On his hands and knees he was forc'd to creep,
 Expecting each hour he should be dead.
 But when day light did appear,
 Lord in his heart he was full fain ;
 Then he saw ships comming from merry England,
 To fetch Whale's Oil they thither came ;
 One Captain Stanley, owner of the ship,
 When he saw Sir William, unto him came ;
 He had not known him in his own country,
 A man of noble birth and fame.
 You're welcome to travel, the owner said ;
 But scarce one word Sir William did say,
 Until that he had to him sworn,
 (Nor on ship-board would he come that day)
 That he should never name at Latham hall,
 Nor to a friend that he should see,
 Nor never his name in question call,
 When he came to his own country.
 For three years space I have to stay,
 According to the vow I've made ;
 And those three years shall have an end,
 Or on English ground I'll never tread.
 Then back they all came for Holland,

Being joyful of each other's company ;
 And the captain he took leave of him,
 And bid him welcome to the Low Country.
 With one John Howell he did meet there,
 For three years space to be his man,
 To get his living at other men's backs,
 When all his money was spent and gone.
 But when these three years were at an end,
 Then in his heart he was full fain ;
 For he saw ships coming from merry England,
 And to Latham hall he return'd again.
 But standing bare at Latham gate,
 Desiring to speak with the old earl,
 The porter thrust him back again
 Much like unto a dogged churl.
 Go, stand thee back thou fellow bare,
 Thou canst not speak with my lord this day.
 Now ill betide thee, Sir William said,
 I was as well born and bred as thee.
 But he got lodging at old Holland's house,
 Who entertain'd him with good cheer ;
 And when they were at supper set
 He call'd for a bottle of his best beer.
 Now by your leave, good man Holland,
 I'll drink a health to an Englishman
 Whom I have seen in countries strange,
 And William Stanley is his name.
 Do you know my good Lord, said old Holland,
 I pray you, Sir, tell unto me.
 He is no Lord, Sir William said,
 But him I've seen in a far country.
 He is a lord, said old Holland,
 He is a lord of high degree,
 For now his eldest brother's dead,
 And Sir William's in a far country.

Old Holland got up betime in the morn,
 Before it was well break of day,
 To speak with the earl of Derby then,
 As he rode a hunting that way.
 " Good morrow, my lord, said old Holland,
 Last night at my house a guest did lie,
 Who came out of countries strange,
 And brings tidings of your son William Stanley.
 Bring him hither to me, said the old earl,
 Let me see that guest right speedily ;
 If he can tell me tidings of my son Will,
 Then well rewarded he shall be.
 But when he came his father before,
 Sir William fell upon his knee,
 Craving blessings of his father dear,
 And pardon for all his discourtesy.
 If thou be my son Will, said the old earl,
 As I do very well think thou may be,
 I gave thee a ring when thou didst go,
 Restore the same again to me.
 He gave his father there the ring,
 Whereby he knew him perfectly ;
 And shew'd him a lion on his right side,
 Saying, here is the mark the Lord sent me.
 The king then hearing he was come,
 Sent for him straightway up to court,
 And entertain'd him royally
 With gallant cheer and princely sport.
 The earl of Derby made a feast,
 Which lasted for months three,
 And nobly entertain'd the guests
 That came to see his son William Stanley.

F I N I S.



